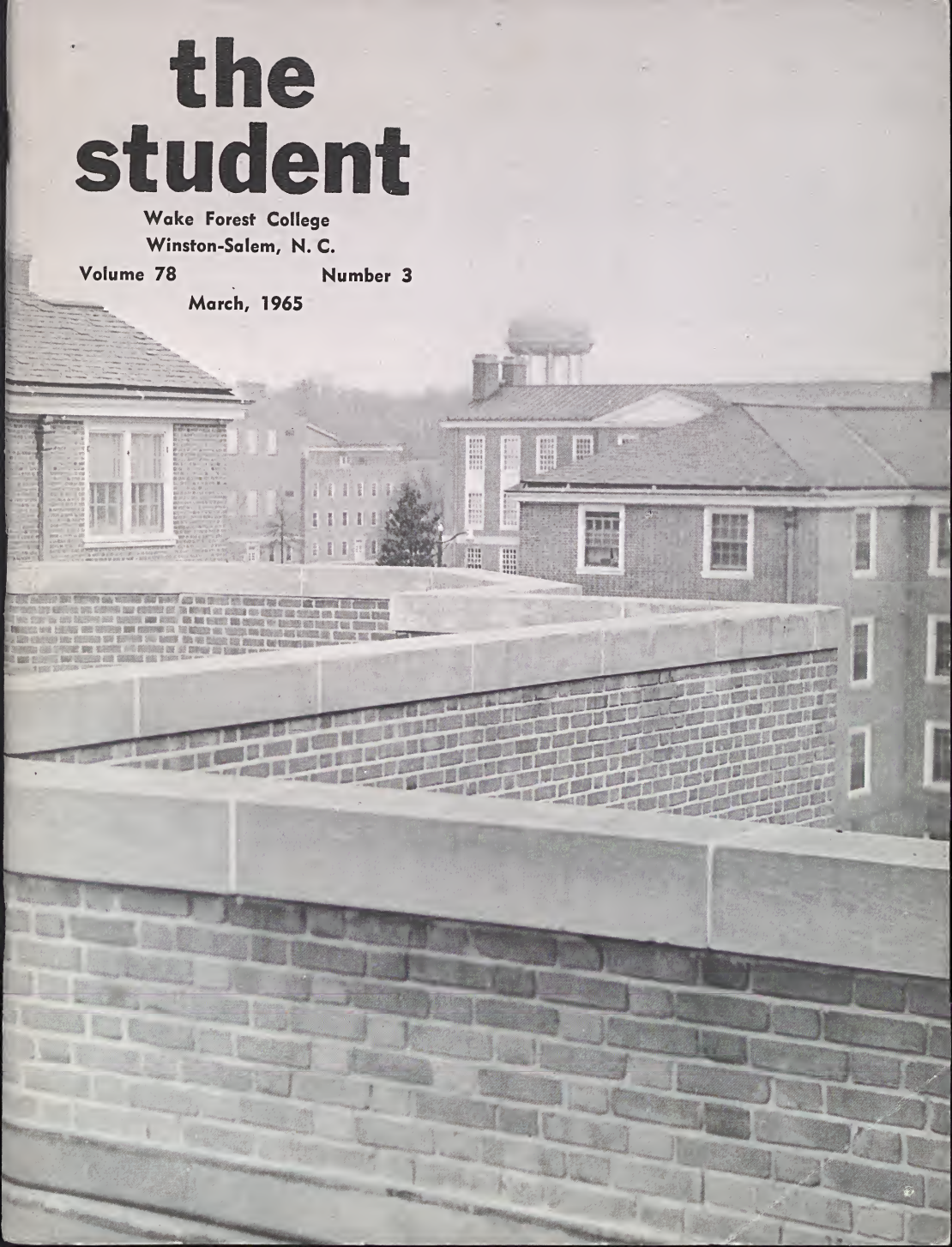
the student

Wake Forest College
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Volume 78 Number 3
March, 1965



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A completely NEW LOOK

Is There An Umpire On The Faculty?

Far be it for *the student* to intimate that the varying degrees of somnolence visible in many classrooms could have *anything* to do with the typical, garden-variety professor, who turns in a 40-hour week in his office, puts on a one-man triple feature three days a week (during which he attracts and answers questions with UNIVAC rapidity), writes two books and fourteen articles simultaneously and a novel on the side, and spends his off hours sipping milk with students in the coffee shop. Nonetheless, otherwise-eager students, who were railroaded into the power of his *atypical* colleagues, inevitably end up dozing and dropping their pencils, disturbing the torpor of those who came to college to get a little shut-eye.

the student is concerned lest the hidden talents of these much-ignored and much-discussed professors be neglected. Their performances indicate that they are eminently qualified to do anything but teach. We should like to suggest several other possibilities.

THE ACTOR reads from the textbook for fifty minutes per class period. "Now . . . we . . . are . . . on . . . page 314," he enunciates slowly and sonorously." THE DIRECTOR lets student actors read their note cards for 30 class reports, filling in the gaps with off-the-cuff chats. These accomplished showmen also hire stand-ins, politely called "student assistants," to summarize books and articles they haven't read. THE MAGICIAN puts on a good disappearing act. He blocks the blackboard and writes up the derivation of a formula. Still hiding the formula, he says "Now there's nothing to that, is there?" and promptly erases it. The student is forced to agree that there certainly wasn't. THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER, never under any circumstances to be found in his office, is a virtual peripatelic university for those students willing to shell out for track shoes in order to ask him questions.

THE SECRET AGENT does not want to take many into his confidence. He confines his lectures, therefore, to those in the front row, modulating his voice accordingly. THE UMPIRE, on the other hand, bombards all his students with his intellect and reasoning. He calls the signals loudly, gesticulating forcefully. The student who asks "Why?" is out of the game. The TV ADVERTISER looks at the space where the teleprompter should be, smiles vacantly on cue from his notes, and flies along so he will not be cut off by the real program. He wonders why his students don't ask questions, but this generation is wise to the limitations of TV. It doesn't answer. Another salesman whose bill of goods the students never buy is THE AUCTIONEER. In his ninety-mile-an-hour monotone he drones them to sleep before he can make his pitch.

THE GUEST LECTURER feels free to pronounce *ex cathedra* on any subject which may come up, producing such gems as this recent one. "Existentialism is being very serious." THE MORTGAGE FORECLOSER locks the door against late students and chews his glasses angrily when their pounding interrupts his lecture. The students remain evicted, despite their protests that they just "can't go on" because he will drop their grades for cutting his class. And then there is THE COUNTY AGENT who appreciates the ground around him. His perspective is limited to higher education in the greater Winston-Salem metropolitan area.

THE LEGAL SECRETARY wants to be very, very accurate. After repeating the same thing five times, he asks, "Did I make myself clear?" THE EXECUTIVE enjoys the feeling of power which comes in dictating to not one, but forty-five, stenographers. He wants the transcription reproduced comma for comma on every quiz. THE JOCKEY is probably the best known type. He covers one fourth of the course in three-fourths of the time and the rest coming down the home stretch.

Certainly many fields would be eager to snap up these untapped resources. In order to accomplish this as quickly as possible, *the student* humbly suggests that a Faculty Placement Office be instituted under the direction of the Self-Study Committee, leaving the typical professor to his wide-awake students and the typical student to his undisturbed slumber.

—J. R. D.

the student

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March, 1965

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the student, founded January, 1882, is published in November, December, February, April, and May by the students of Wake Forest College. The editorial office is located in Room 224 Reynolda Hall. Address correspondence to Box 7274, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, N. C. Manuscripts may be brought or mailed to the office. Unused manuscripts will be returned. *the student* is printed by Hunter Publishing Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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Profiles

JUDY BROWN, a senior psychology major from Arlington, Va., sheds an interesting light on the drop-out situation at Wake Forest in her first *student* article. Judy is a member of Phi Sigma Iota, honorary romance language fraternity, and plans graduate study in speech pathology in the fall.

JAMES WOOLLEY makes his second contribution to *the student*, turning from poetry to a subtle satire on a rarely realized literary genre — that brand of prose peculiar to the Wake Forest College Catalogue. James is a junior from Nashville, Tenn.

SUSI THOMAS makes her first appearance in *the student* with two fine pieces of creative writing. A sophomore from Walnut Cove, Suzi spends much time working in the College Theatre.

BETSY WINSTEAD, senior from Roxboro and short story editor for *the student*, relates a unique personal experience during a trip to England in her story, "Chaucer Who?"

LAURA JORDON, artistically inclined freshman and newcomer to *the student*, provides the illustration for Betsy's story. Other examples of her art work may be seen in the newly opened coffee shop in the Library.

JOHN Q. GILTERHOPPER, penname for a Wake Forest senior religion major, again demonstrates his fine talent and sensitivity as a poet in his work, "The Runner."

BRENDA HICKS, a member of Tassels and an active participant in the College Theatre, contributes her first poetry this issue. Brenda is a senior from Accokeek, Md., and was recently selected as alternate exchange student to the Free University of Berlin.

HARVEY USSERY, a junior religion major from Snow Hill, divides his time between honors work in history and creative writing. He has demonstrated his talent in this issue with a short war drama entitled "The Road."

MARY LOU HALL again demonstrates her artistic talents in *the student* by providing the illustration for Harvey's drama. Mary Lou is a senior English major from Lexington.

BILL VERNOR, junior from Edwardsville, Ill., and Pub Row camera bug, proves once again that his skill at photography is exceeded only by his constant ability to frustrate *the student* editors with ((better(?) late than never" shots.

EVELYN KNIGHT, a junior religion major from Morris Plains, N. J., appears in *the student* for the first time. A girl of many talents and interests, Evelyn is a member of Alpha Epsilon Delta premedical society and Madrigal Singers, plays the viola in the orchestra, and still finds time to work in the College Theatre.

FRANCIS BERCES, having done graduate study in philosophy, law, and English, has channeled his intellect into the production of a provocative essay on choice. This former president of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity hails from Mt. Holly, N. J., and plans to pursue a Ph.D. in English.

JEANNE BLANCHARD, although a scientifically-minded psychology major, has sketched the disappointment of the humanities, the un-built Fine Arts Center, a 10-year-old dream still yellowing in the file. Jeanne is a junior from Arlington, Va., and copy editor of *the student*.

CHARLENE MARKUNAS appears for the second time in *the student* with her poem "February." We wonder if her acute awareness of this winter mood is brought into a sharper focus by her large, round-rimmed glasses, or if her thoughts come while driving quickly by in her noticeably red MG.

SUSIE COWAN, sophomore from Kannapolis, is a quiet, unobtrusive young lady who just keeps writing good poetry. In this issue, we have her "Thistles."

HARRY WHITESIDE, a senior who lives in Winston-Salem, contributes a fanciful poem to this issue of *the student*.

DONIA WHITELEY, senior from Bethesda, Md., and editor of the *Howler*, catches the speed of the twentieth century in her poem "progress."

JIM WALDENFELS is a senior psychology major from Tryon and a member of both Eta Sigma Phi and Tau Kappa Alpha honorary fraternities. His future plans include graduate study in political science.

JERRY MCLEESE also writes for the *Winston-Salem Journal* and plans a career in writing. He has contributed an article on Wake Forest's two "golfing diplomats," Arnold Palmer and Billy Joe Patton.

BRUCE ALLEN BOGIE, a senior political science major from Vincentown, N. J., has demonstrated acute sensitivity in his first poetic piece, "Naked." Bruce is a member of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity and plans to attend law school in the future.

MARY LIND appears for the third time in *the student*, proving herself a talented and prolific artist with a collection of abstract work. Mary is a senior from Marion and a member of Kappa Nu business society. She is also president of maritimers.

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The Building That Isn't

by Jeanne Blanchard

It would take an artist's creative hand to lift theatre and speech from the lofts of the Library, music from the rooms hidden around the Chapel, radio from its alcove on Pub Row, and to synthesize them into a building exclusively their own. Such a plan exists, but it is as yet sadly unrealized. A decade of dust has collected on the cultural ambitions of the college. "December 17, 1954" is the annotation on the blueprints of the proposed fine arts building. They occupy a folder in the office of Professor A. L. Aycock, associate professor of English and curator of art.

Ten years ago a committee headed by Professor Aycock and including Mr. J. F. Larsen, the school's architect, was appointed by Dr. Tribble to study the proposed arts center. This committee visited those institutions on the East coast renowned for their fine arts program and then combined the ideas gained. It was decided that the arts building would embrace the departments of art, speech, drama, and music. At present Wake Forest's only contribution to art instruction is three courses in art history. Painting, sculpture, graphic arts, and any other studio art are nonexistent entities in the arts curriculum.

The plans for the new arts center call for its construction between the Library and Salem Hall. The blueprints are tentative, but detailed.

At the base of the building would be facilities for sculpture and graphic arts. The floor would be thick cement; special ventilation would enable chemical fumes rising from etches to escape; high voltage would make kilns a possibility. Spacious workshops and practice rooms would also be available.

The main floor would offer an auditorium three stories high, seating from 660 to 1200 people. The stage would be of equal magnitude and multidimensional. A painting room, two stories high, would facilitate the work on backdrops. In addition to a smaller auditorum (150 seats), there would be exhibit areas adjacent to the large auditorium. Art works interred at various unlikely places around the campus would be able to have their purpose realized here. Practice rooms, so well insulated that an organist and a singer hypothetically would be able to be in adjacent rooms devoid of disturbance, would be an invaluable asset to the music department. Speech, drama, and radio lecture rooms would likewise be provided.

The first floor would furnish a practical supplement, housing many classrooms and workshops for

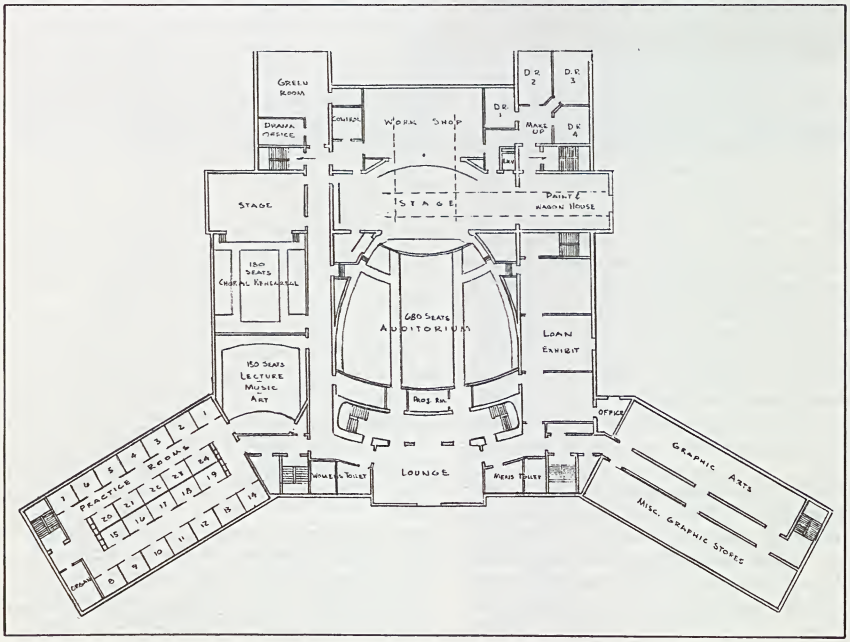
costume, scene design, and debate. A permanent art exhibit might also be established here in the future.

The second floor would contain art, radio, and television studios, an instrument rehearsal room and a library.

The actualization of the proposed art center would allow the egression into a realm of new forms waiting to be realized. Not only would the students already at Wake Forest be able to explore these areas, so closed to them now, and consequently gain a wider perspective of liberal arts, but a new type of student would also be attracted to the College. The fine arts program in Winston-Salem would be supplemented by the materialization of this plan, and the opportunity for cultural interchange would be greatly enhanced.

Today Wake Forest has three courses in art, which have been crowded for 35 years, the nucleus of an outstanding collection of slides, over a thousand prints, a few pieces of fine art scattered all over the College, and a form yet to be realized. The form remains a blueprint rather than a brick edifice. Nearly three million dollars stand between the form and its actualization, increasing the already flourishing accumulation of cultural dust.

On the opposite page is a photograph of the exterior of the proposed building, taken from the model of the future campus. Below is an architect's sketch of the ground floor of the building. (Both are courtesy of J. F. Larsen)



What's Behind The Dropout Rate

College: A Fight For Survival

by Judy Brown

"Look at the person sitting on your left. Look at the person sitting on your right. Four years from now, these people will be gone." The voice echoed through Wait Chapel and startled even the most blase freshman into exclamations of apprehension or incredulity. That was September, 1961. At the end of the year one hundred forty-three of them were gone. Now, as seniors looking to graduation and the "great escape," they can't help wondering. Somehow, sometime, in the kaleidescope of college life, a great number of students have disappeared. Why?

The directors of admissions, the deans, the psychological testing center, professors, and students all had partial answers, varying in complexity, ambiguity, and subjectivity. Out of the mass of exceptions which seemed to make any generalizations meaningless and the notable lack of available statistics, several trends became evident.

Academic failure was perhaps the most often-cited cause of student dropouts. In each of the last two years approximately five percent of the student body "flunked out." (These figures do not include those students who dropped out before they were required to leave for academic reasons.) This figure seems to confirm W. G. Starling's estimate that between ninety and ninety-five percent of the entering students have the academic capabilities to complete their studies at Wake Forest. However, last June the class of 1964 graduated only forty-nine percent of its original members, although an unknown number may still plan to finish college. In 1962-63, fifteen percent of the freshmen withdrew at the end of their first year.

Academic failure seems, at best, a tentative and incomplete answer. Wake Forest students are, for the most part, academically above the national average. In this year's freshman class, the average verbal Scholastic Aptitude Test score for women was 585 and the average math score, 590; for entering men, 515 and 565, respectively. Ninety-seven percent of the women were in the top quarter of their high school classes; sixty-five percent of the men had this rank.

However, in 1955, the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare estimated that forty to fifty-five percent of the students who entered college graduated. This figure has probably increased in the last decade. A school such as Davidson, with a small, highly selective student body, has a dropout rate as low as 5.3 per cent, averaged over the past five years. As indicated by SAT scores Wake Forest's student body is above the national average. Many would assert that its academic program is comparable to Davidson's. Why is it that a greater number of our entering freshmen fail to graduate?

Initially, it must be said that a comparison in dropout percentages between any two colleges such as Wake Forest and Davidson must take into account the composition of their respective student bodies. The situation at Davidson may be analogous to that of Wake Forest coeds. Both are small, carefully screened groups which have come to college with high SAT scores and top secondary school standings, a factor which often indicates personal motivation. The dichotomy in dropout rates between Wake Forest and Davidson does not differ from the indicated dichotomy in motivation between men and women at Wake Forest implied by their high school class rankings.

What motivates an academically capable student at Wake Forest to pack his bags and leave? It must be said initially that, in some cases, withdrawal from school does not represent failure on the part of anyone. Some students simply chose the wrong school. Although their number is not available, they transfer to other colleges for many reasons. Some plan careers such as going into the family business and, rightly or wrongly, may not want more than the broad liberal education offered in the first two years of college. Marriage is another common reason given for dropping out.

Why do students fail to make a go of college? One answer lies in the poor motivation of some

entering students. Some students enroll because of parental pressure. Others are chiefly interested in extra-curricular life. Still a larger group includes those who seek goals and inspiration but balk at the practical matter of studying uninteresting material. The academic background may be stimulating, but the drab, practical details of schoolwork are not.

The student's attitude can polarize in one of two possible extremes which can cause students to underachieve. At their worst, they may lead to academic failure.

At one extreme is the bright student who has excelled effortlessly in high school and expects the same in college. When he competes with a more select group, he founders. After a semester or two, he finds himself down in quality points and either panics or becomes discouraged and is never quite able to pull himself out of the hole. This same student may not have had to study before and doesn't really know how. He does average or near-average work, far below his potential. He lacks organization and never knows quite why he didn't make the grade.

At the other extreme is the student who has little confidence in himself and is panic-stricken at the thought of failure. Usually, willingness to work compensates for his fear and results in average grades. The danger is that his fear of failure, nervousness, and perhaps self-induced poor health interfere with his effective study and learning, nullifying his own efforts. This student may so hamper his own potential that he is finally forced simply to give up.

Not knowing how to study is a prime factor in college failure. Freedom from busy work, the need for individual judgment and structuring of time lure many students onto the withdrawal list.

Women have been labelled the culprits in man's downfall since the Garden of Eden, but at Wake Forest they also take the blame for the academic failures of the men.

The women seem to be in a better position to snatch the top grades. Since 1959 the average CEEB scores for women have increased almost twice as much as they have for men. Not only do the women have higher test scores and better high school rank, but they also manage to stick it out better than men in a competitive academic situation. Of those on academic probation in the spring semester of 1964, only about six percent were women.

However, the man who accepts these statistics as solace for inferior grades is deceiving himself. When the percentages are translated into numbers, the picture changes. There are almost twice as many freshmen men as women who were in the top quarter of their high school classes. And as one goes below the top five percent of the high school class rankings, there are more men than women in the six to ten percent and eleven to twenty-five percent categories. Those interviewed felt that, as men's admission requirements rose higher, the gap between men and women would lessen, finally ceasing to be a point of interest.

A poor student-professor relationship can also be an element in college failure. A poor start results in rebellion and an even poorer relationship. If a student resents working for the professor, he is less likely to request help; the professor is less likely to volunteer aid. The student loses.

Stress is another factor. Some students have a low toleration for pressure. However, those interviewed did not feel that this was a major problem for the majority of Wake Forest students.

But what about the students who will remain at Wake Forest until they graduate? What are

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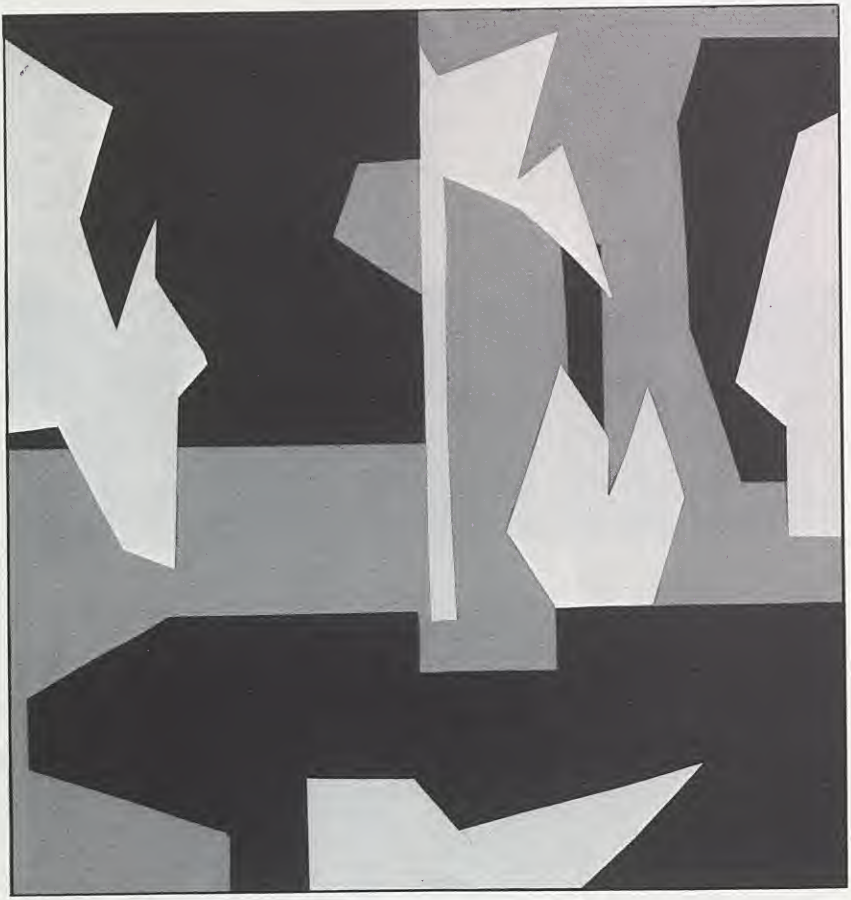


Grey, Black, White **by Mary Lind**

progress

the rocket
bloody - beautiful
rises from its stake
and coldly silver soars
through eons
bound to break
a barrier down
to find The Answer
for the sake
of skeptical humanity

and leaves behind
God
writhing to a pinpoint
in its scientific wake

of reason

Donia Whiteley

"Chaucer Who?"

by Betsy Winstead

It was cold, and Victoria Station looked bleak in the rain which shrouded it. My old black taxi pulled up on what I was still calling the wrong side of the street, and I dashed inside, trying desperately to appear sophisticated and worthy of the occasion.

"Yes sir, I'll take a ticket in the second class rail car to Canterbury," I said, but I was unable to concentrate on the questions the little Englishman was asking me about the Southern United States. He'd never been there, and I wanted to tell him that it was a delightful place; but there was no time for conversation. Not then anyway; this was one train I had to catch on time. I had waited too long for this day; not even London could keep me now.

I quickly bought a copy of the *New Yorker*, I guess just because I was so glad to see a familiar magazine, checked with another ticket man to make sure I was getting on the right car, and then climbed aboard. I wondered if my feelings were showing. If they were, it certainly couldn't be seen reflected in the faces of the other passengers. I suppose I thought they might be excited, at least a little. After all, it isn't every day that one gets to go to Canterbury! But these few very reserved Englishmen and one tired old woman stared out slightly-steamed windows as if they had made this same trip every day. They were a picture of what I'd call the typically timeless British, totally unenthusiastic and almost unaware. In my plaid German journal, I jotted down, "I hope I'll always visibly appreciate the things I do every day. I don't want to grow up and grow old if life is going to be as boring as these emotionless faces portray it."

The train was clean and quiet as it pulled out of the city, and I was both glad to be warm and thoroughly excited to be on my way. On the back cover margin of the magazine I figured it out; five hundred and seventy-seventy years ago, another group had started a trip to the south. I was glad the train was going south; even the direction was fitting for my visions. The back cover was all I ever saw of that magazine; I was too afraid of missing something that might flash by outside to be bothered with something as unimportant as current events back in New York. Small areas of the city unfolded as I looked out through the rain that was turning to snow.

It wasn't long before a sign flashed by, "Rochester," and I looked harder as if expecting to see some sort of pilgrim's camp pitched by the rail tracks. I muttered excitedly and not too softly, "This was their second night's stop!" The old gentleman across the aisle opened one eye, and I felt as if I should apologize, but I just couldn't — I wanted them all to share my excitement.

As if gliding, the train moved on, and I thought about the river just a few kilometers to my left. The snow was making mocking patterns on the world outside, and I wondered if it had been this cold six hundred years ago in April.

We pulled into my final station. As I literally jumped from the train, I noticed the rain and snow had increased with my anticipation. I hurried through a dark wet tunnel under the tracks, and into a train station that was as cold and empty as the one which had closed down years ago in my home town. I was really here! It really was Canterbury!

A terribly bored little boy was standing inside the door, his hands crammed down in his pockets, watching the train pull out and looking like he wanted so badly to be going with it. Who could possibly want to leave this darling little town, so full of history, so ingrained with characters who had made it famous and given it an air of reality of which no other cathedral town on earth could boast? I began talking to him while I was waiting for a taxi.

"I love your town," I said as calmly as I possibly could.

He could not have been less excited. He looked puzzled, and said, "I'd love to go away."

I wasn't very sympathetic. Immediately, I began to explain how far I'd come just to see this place where he had lived for most of his fifteen years. After all, he was young; he hadn't had time to grow old and unappreciative like those people on the train. Surely he could share my excitement.

"I've come to see the Cathedral and the shrine. But even more than these, I want to see your town.

I want to know what it was like to Chaucer."

"Chaucer who?"

My first impulse was to laugh. He couldn't possibly be serious. But, sadly, he was. After a stunned silence, I made a few incoherent remarks about the *Canterbury Tales*. But happily for me, the other residents I met that day would not be so unaware as this first day-dreaming youth who was so anxious to go away to see the world beyond his train station.

Another ubiquitous black taxi pulled up. For a minute I was unable to decide where to direct the driver; then I said, "Christ Church Gate, please."

As we rumbled along through what was now a downpour of rain, I was enthralled by the very antiquity of the city. I saw the entrance from The Dover Road, and the houses Hasted so aptly described as "genteel." There were several churches, but there was no mistaking the majesty of the central tower of the Canterbury Cathedral when it suddenly appeared through the grey light of the afternoon.

Thanking the driver as I handed him several shillings, I turned around to look up through the rain at the Gothic Gate. It was a few minutes before I realized the extent of the cold and walked rather quickly over the stone street, passed the heavy carved oaken doors, and entered what I felt was a holy place. Countless pilgrims had been here before me. This setting belonged to Chaucer's characters, those twenty-nine representatives of all of four-teenth century English society who might have come motivated by devotion or by a wish to enjoy April in the English countryside.

The Knight and his son, the Sailor from Dartmouth, the Prioress, the Miller, the Wife of Bath, the Poor Parson, and the Scholar on his skinny horse with their companions had been my inspiration. Their merry tales told down Kent's most famous trail were the basis for my pilgrimage. I almost wished I too had "cantered" down on horseback.

In a quieter mood than I'd been in all day, I went inside the Cathedral, and softly signed my name in the large "Book for Signatures" on a table in the nave. No other tourists were to be seen, but a few parishoners were coming in for the Evensong service which a discreet sign said would begin at 3:00 p.m. I was glad I was going to be there in time for services. I didn't want this to be another church to look at, merely marvelling over its history, though certainly there was a great deal at which to marvel.

Continued on page 37

Grandparent

If I could say it all without once
using the words "to love"
then I would know I really do
love you grandparent . . .

windswept rainswept
you're on the red land
and have tobacco gum on your hands
ground black around each nail

your face is small and pulled
and you're humpbacked
awful and large bent
that makes you sit a way
and walk a way
that is just yours like no way else
I've seen

but you touch my pony
very gently
and your rough stiff and knobby
hands don't grate
the fine softness of his neck

it's raining and I have to go in
that which is between
skirted here
will stay

in the dark
lit by slipping balm of evening
the raindrops only bring
good to the warm red earth

— Brenda Hicks

Alone

Alone
is nothing.
To anyone —
Not talking
Not eating
Not sleeping

Alone
is never sharing.
With anyone —
no thing seen
no thing felt
no thing thought

Alone
is unhappy.
For anyone —
never crossing over
never meeting further
never joining people

Alone
is alone.
As anyone who —
To care
To wish
To love
And still
to be
alone.

Susi Thomas

Choice and the Unknown

by Francis A. Berces

These reflections were born of introspective study. The conclusions represent impartial efforts to overcome or to accede to limitations in choice. This essay attempts to answer the question: How is it that I am free to choose? Those people who are familiar with the dilemma of determinism in a world of morally responsible choice will recognize instantly the seriousness and confusion of such a question. Science itself is puzzled: on one hand it assumes at least fractional truth, and on the other hand it recognizes strong causal determinants. If behavior is controlled mechanically by factors concealed in the universe, then man vexes himself with ethical, religious, and legal institutions. But if behavior, both mental and muscular, can be even partially controlled, teleologically (purposefully), by the individual, then responsibility and freedom are present to the extent that this control is realized.

For those who are unfamiliar with philosophy it must be stated that this essay is primarily phenomenological in character; that is, it is a philosophy of consciousness; it relies on intuition, considered as immediate apprehension, as the instrument of knowledge; and it is based on the assumption that consciousness is distinct from the objects which it intuits, and that consciousness is consciousness of an object. Consciousness of objects will be regarded as *a priori* in character; that is, I regard consciousness, like Sartre, as a "spontaniety," or a "sheer activity transcending toward objects," as a phenomenon which creates immediate apprehension, independent of memory, of the essential nature of objects. I make no distinction between physical and psychical objects. There is consciousness, both prereflective and reflective, and there are objects. Mathematical conclusions are regarded as objects, just as buildings and complex situations are regarded as objects. The process of reflection which leads to conclusions, I regard as psychical.

The "I" and the "me" represent *conditions* of consciousness, and do not represent psychic localities. They are terms that are differentiated on the basis of activity or passivity, with qualifications made when necessary. The "I" is the self-as-subject, and the "me" is the self-as-object, not unlike a table or a chair or a complex situation. The "will" is also a condition of consciousness. It may be exercised or suspended, once it has "emerged."

Central to reflections of this sort is the problem of solipsism, the bugbear of philosophers. Essentially, solipsism poses this problem: How can one be sure that his perceptions are not refinements of his character, his needs, his particular "synthesis" of values? Is the perception of objects an objectification of "personality"? My conclusion to this is not absolute; it is provisional in the sense that any "distinction" in fact does mean different alternatives, but that different alternatives may be refinements of the same source. It is this point that phenomenology strives to fill the presuppositions of science. Scientific truth is provisional truth; and the method of science is self-correcting. My conclusion is, in a manner of speaking, of the same mode. Though I remain within the phenomenological framework, that is, I do not resort to sense perception (empiricism) or to reason (rationalism), and I do rely on intuition as the instrument of knowledge, nonsolipsistic perceptions, intuitions, do not prevail absolutely. As it will be seen later, there are "moments or states of potential truth." These "moments" will vary according to the "acceptance" of the pure perception. Pure perception may be infiltrated by the "I" and distinctions that are momentarily clear may become altered thereby.

I shall not deal with organic or physiological differences in perception. Nor shall I deal with fatigue, hunger, etc., as functions of perception. I do not cope with the so-called "optical illusions." Concerning all of the previous, I can say only that there are differences in perceptions, but that despite differences there is an "area of normality" that permits uniformity of judgment; and that, secondly, the occurrence of intuition itself, in its *initial* purity, remains unaffected by whatever differences that happen to prevail subsequently.

Perhaps some people are familiar with Professor Heisenberg's principle of indeterminacy of quantum mechanics. Of this principle, which in its most simplified definition means that the element of chance or probability, as opposed to absolute

Continued on page 34

The Museum

by Susi Thomas

She was walking along the narrow street listening to the happy hubbub around her. The sound of wheels and riding, of voices and talking, of shoes and walking — the clatter, too, of her own feet as they struck the stones. She was thinking of something, maybe nothing definite, when suddenly she turned a corner. And there was silence. A deadly, dulling hushed silence. The bulk before her was a dark building. Immediately, she recognized it. And, too, there was a sign.

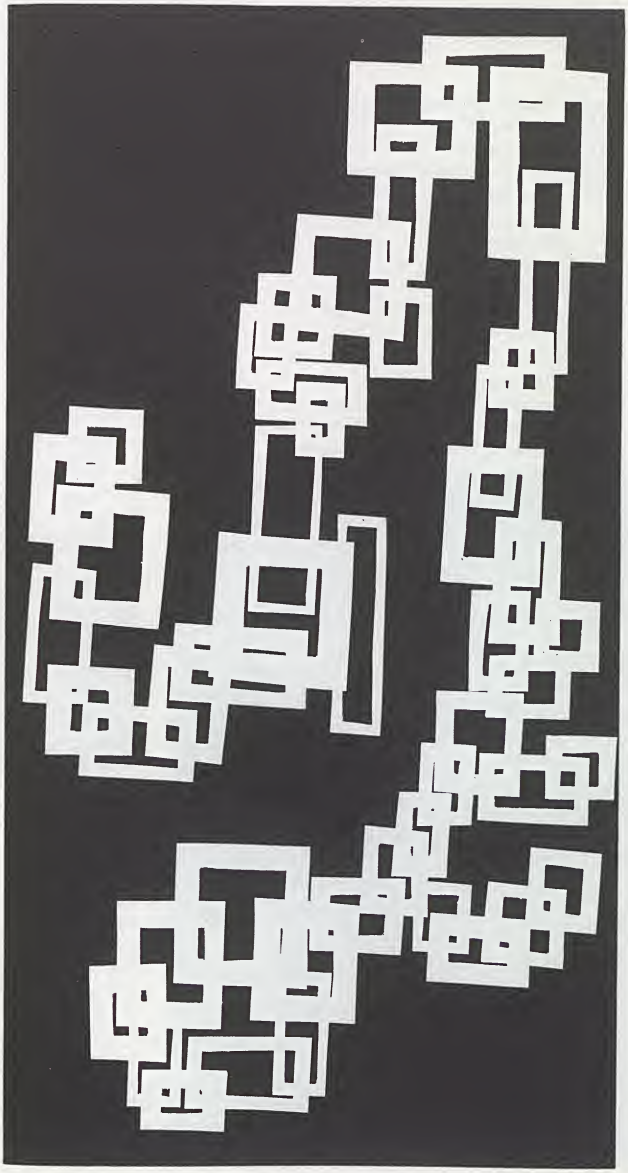
MUSEUM

MUSEUM FULL OF ARTIFACTS

She went in. It was the same — that same clatter of her feet, but now — once inside — the sound came rolling back from the massive, dim walls. It was loud, lonely, and crashing. Almost, she wanted to retreat, to find that noisy little street again. But then, there was an intense pleasure, crying, tearful pleasure. And she wanted instead to run, rush, fly down the myriad-columned, vast, half-dark foyer. Run. Run toward the glowing light at the very far end. Yes, it was there that the Exhibits began! Now, now she could see them. Each was so very brightly lit, making all on each side black by contrast. The first of them was a funny sideshow paper thing that rolled out and flew back. Funny, funny thing with a pink feather on one end and a Made-in-Japan on the other. Behind it was a picture. Just color, bright and dark, grinding and whirring and shouting and laughing — an almost-sound, but it was a picture; running and whirling and 'round and 'round — and almost-motion, but still it was only a picture. Then, more slowly, a man, his jacket, his hand — an almost, almost-touch, but still, still it was only a, only a picture.

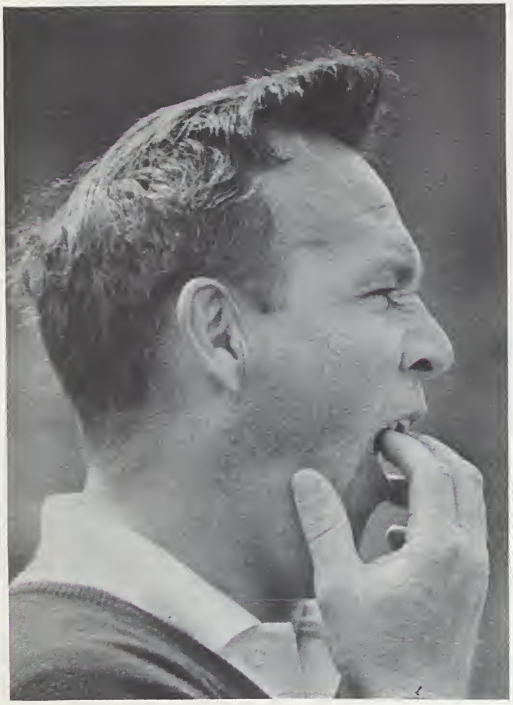
And now she raced down the rows of artifacts and pictures—rock, pink and green mountain granite; strange seed-pod from a strange Inez-Salem-Schmidt tree; an acorn with a Chinese face; a photograph of a fifth-street, unknown lady; an orange and Chips and black Halloween bag; a newspaper picture; a Charles violin program. All these. And always behind them — that color, that dim receding, that almost-sound-motion-touch, that which was only, always, still, always, only pictures.

But now the Exhibits were over, and she stopped running. Her breath was even — and — so suddenly — she was quite alone and spent. Over the exit was a clock, stopped though it ticked on, and underneath it was scrawled in marble: "Museum Memories." She pulled open the door, stepped out, and heard wheels riding; voices talking; shoes walking — and she walked with them.



White on Black **by Mary Lind**

Palmer



Patton

Wake Forest's Fairway Kings

by Jerry McLeese

Arnold Palmer and William J. Patton are two "P's" out of the same pod, but in some respects they are as different as addition and subtraction. Both bear the black-and-gold bunting of Wake Forest College in the world of golf – Palmer as a professional and Patton as an amateur.

Golf is a relatively simple matter of getting a little ball into a large cup. That hasn't changed since the Scottish Parliament banned the sport in 1457 because the Scots were distracted from archery, which was deemed necessary for defense of the realm. Therefore it is a simple my-dear-Watson deduction that, if the game hasn't changed itself, the golfers have. Palmer and Patton!

The omnipotence of Palmer the Golfer has transformed the pro sport into a capitalistic enterprise, but the obsequiousness of Palmer the Personality has preserved its gentility. Despite the tender-green rise of the pro game, amateur golf has maintained a crustiness softened only temporarily by the charms of the likes of Patton.

By the time he was three years old, Palmer was playing golf with his father, M. F. (Deacon) Palmer, in Latrobe, Pa., and when he was 19 he was playing with authority for Wake Forest.

Ever since he was knee-high to a four-wood, Palmer has had a demeanor of utmost confidence which often has been so hastily interpreted as one of the most severe forms of cockiness. Even in college, Palmer wore a crown of self-assurance; but no one could knock it off because he was everything that he thought he was. Maturity has polished that youthful brashness into the golden gleam of self-confidence which Dr. Norman Vincent Peale would wish upon everyone.

For the last 10 years Palmer has been the most exciting figure in professional golf. The magnetism of this golf magnate has drawn together a phenomena known as "Arnie's Army," a loyal following which is present if he is playing in Augusta, London or Hong Kong.

Palmer has been labeled a "charger" for his spectacular final-day performances which frequently find him on the seventy-second hole needing a 25-foot birdie putt on an undulating green to capture the championship. And as calm as the eye of a hurricane, he boldly strokes it in.

Patton was cast in an even more adventuresome role. Whereas Palmer is a middle-of-the-fairway golfer, Patton is a diamond in the rough. Patton sprays his shots all over the course; he believes that trouble was made to get into.

Galleries take to Patton like cold feet to a hot stove because they know that eventually he will find some shade or will get into an adverse situation where he will have to make a spectacular recovery. This is the golf he relishes.

In the 1954 Masters, Patton shot one of only six holes-in-one ever made in that tournament, and it put him in position to become the first amateur ever to get to wear the green blazer that goes to the champion. Seven holes later he shot a double-bogey seven, after which he quipped: "Let's smile again." He proceeded to par the next hole. He finished one stroke out of a tie for the crown with Ben Hogan and Sam Snead.

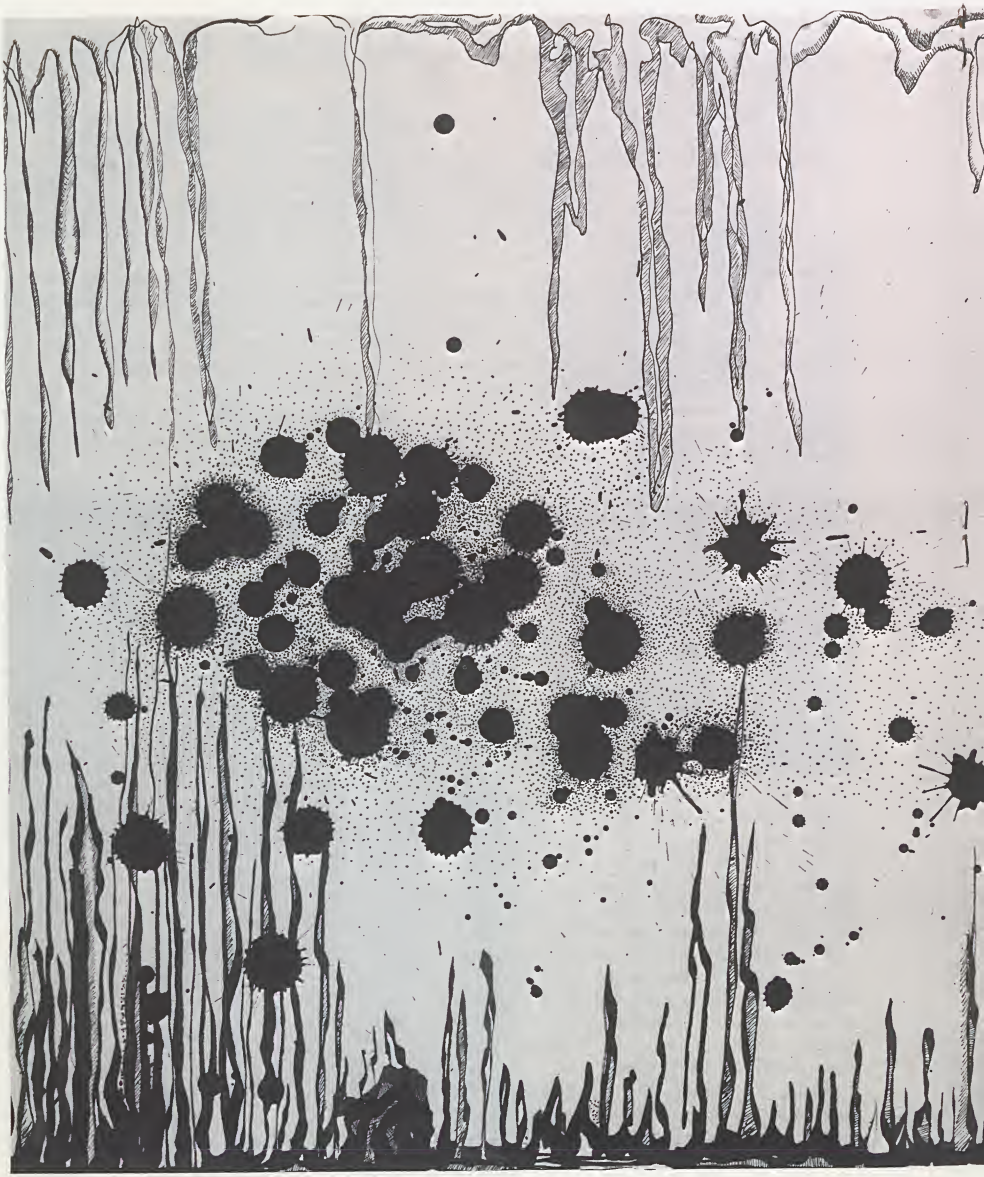
That statement was typical of Patton, who converses freely with the gallery throughout his matches. On the other hand, Palmer must have silence. If he has addressed his ball and hears the smallest noise, he backs off, regains his concentration, and tries again.

Palmer credits Wake Forest with his development as a man and as a golfer, and he has an undying interest in his alma mater. In 1960 he established the Buddy Worsham Memorial Scholarship Fund in honor of a golfing teammate at Wake Forest who was killed in an automobile accident. He fits exhibition matches into his already crowded schedule so that he can add more money to this fund.

Two men who probably know Palmer and Patton better than anyone else have paid them the highest of compliments.

Amateur Dave Smith of Gastonia says of Patton, "When you play Billy Joe, it's kinda like playing the Yankees."

Wake Forest basketball coach Bones McKinney says of Palmer, "Arnold isn't the greatest golfer in the world; he's the greatest competitor in the history of sport."



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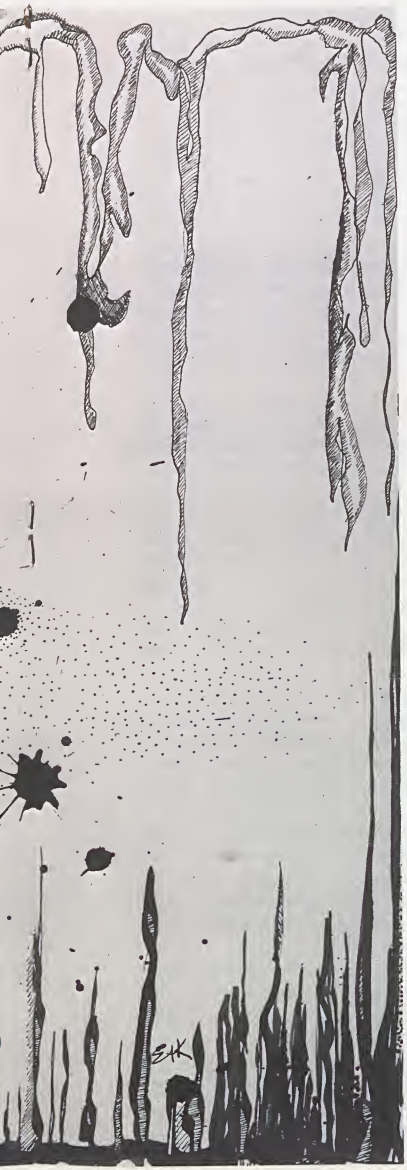


by Evelyn Knight

Thistles

I would whisper a name
Into the wind
Upon a piece of thistle
In my hand
I breathe the sound
And sun and wind
Catch my sorrow
And the bursting seed
Cloudburst!
Fly!
And a whirling world
of cries
with lacy spires
go dancing . . .
And I am here alone
With a babbling summer sky.

—Susie Cowan

The Road

A Dramatic Fragment

by Harvey Ussery

Characters:

LT. JOEL ADAMS	
CHAPLAIN PARISH	A CORPORAL
AMOS BRYANT	A PRIVATE
SOLDIERS	PEASANTS

SCENE I

(Scene one opens on a group of soldiers who are sitting on the ground in what appears to be a clearing in a forest. Several small trees are spaced irregularly over the stage, and the soldiers are all leaning against the trunks of the trees. A narrow, unpaved road runs through the clearing from left to right. The soldiers are talking rather loudly, although there is an undertone of weariness and irritability. Only one soldier sits apart, not engaging in the conversation. This is AMOS BRYANT, a young man with a rather gaunt face and deep-set, intense, dark eyes. He is moody and seems deeply troubled. All the soldiers are wearing ragged uniforms heavily splattered with mud; all have beards of several days' growth. Several dirty peasants, very gaunt and raggedly clad, stand timidly at the edge of the clearing (right edge of the stage), looking at the soldiers but saying nothing. The time is late afternoon.)

FIRST SOLDIER: *(Despondently)* Every day the same thing . . . empty belly . . . snipers . . . freeze under a wet blanket at night . . .

SECOND SOLDIER: Yeah, I'm sick of it . . .

THIRD SOLDIER: . . . Sure thought we'd find something to eat in that village today . . And after such a fight, too . . .

SECOND: Yeah – helluva fight!

FIRST: We're not going to find any food around here. *(Indicating the peasants)* They're worse off than we are.

FOURTH: *(The youngest of all the soldiers)* Maybe they'll get some supplies through to us soon . . .

FIRST: Supplies! . . . Hell! Might as well face it – they've already cut us off from home base, somewhere along the line . . . no more gravy train . . .

(A long pause)

YOUNGEST SOLDIER: "Harry . . . Harry, I'm scared! – Suppose I get the French sickness – from that girl back in the village – Harry, what'll I do?

FIRST: Don't sweat it, kid.

SECOND: Ask Chaplain Parish about it, junior!

THIRD: Chaplain *Parish!* He'd give you a lecture about how wicked it is to – uh . . . "consort" with these village girls!

YOUNGEST: I'm scared, I tell you! What if . . .

FIRST: *(Reassuringly)* Don't sweat it, kid – don't sweat it.

(Another long pause)

SECOND: *(With a start, looking down the road)* Hey, what's that? . . . Somebody coming . . . *(They all peer intently down the road, at something which is evidently quite a distance away)*

THIRD: It's just an old man, you jackass! *(Pause)* 'Course, if it had been one of them . . . *(tauntingly)* . . . *you* couldn'a done nothing about it – you can't hardly use that rifle.

SECOND: *(Hotly)* I'd've come a helluva sight closer to hitting him than *you* . . .

THIRD: *(Quietly)* . . . Bet?

SECOND: *(After a long pause, reaching into a pocket)* Half a pack of cigarettes!

THIRD: *(Reaching into a pocket)* Bet you a busted watch.

(They glare at each other for a moment, then hand their "bets" to the YOUNGEST SOLDIER. All the soldiers look on with interest, except Amos, who still sits moodily apart, ignoring the others.)

FIRST: Now wait just a minute . . .

THIRD: *(Ignoring him, bowing to SECOND SOLDIER)* After you, squirt!

SECOND: *(Muttering)* After me, hell. *(He steps into the center of the road and takes careful aim. He fires. After a pause)* Damn . . .

THIRD: *(Chuckling sadistically)* Step aside . . . (He also takes careful aim; fires. A pause. Unnoticed by anyone else, AMOS leaps to his feet to find out what has happened. THIRD SOLDIER collects his prize from the YOUNGEST, then resumes his seat without a word – very smug, very ostentatious in his silence. SECOND SOLDIER angrily resumes his seat, without a word. AMOS seems about to speak, but then turns away and sits down again.)

SCENE II

(Setting is the same. Time is a few minutes later. The SOLDIERS are no longer talking, but simply lolling around wearily. A few are beginning to dose off to sleep.)

(Enter CHAPLAIN PARISH, a rather short, grey-haired man; very jolly and amiable; continually smiling broadly. His uniform is in good repair and is even reasonably clean. As he comes in from the right, the peasants step toward him with hands outstretched imploringly. He takes no notice of them; walks to the clearing.)

CHAPLAIN: Well, from all the shooting out here, you'd think there was a war going on! *(He is the only one who laughs at his joke. A few of the SOLDIERS nod a greeting. AMOS turns his head to look at the CHAPLAIN; he then turns away with a look of disgust.)*

YOUNGEST SOLDIER: Have you seen Lieutenant Adams, sir?

CHAPLAIN: *(Sitting down on a log)* Well, that was quite a battle we had today, wasn't it boys? . . . Too bad we lost Simmons and Wells . . . *The SOLDIERS all nod agreement)*

FIRST SOLDIER: Yeah, too bad . . . *(Musingly)* Thirty-six of us started this march . . .

CHAPLAIN: *(In a subdued voice)* They were *heroic* deaths . . . truly heroic . . .

(FIRST SOLDIER seems about to speak, but changes his mind and keeps silent)

(Enter LT. ADAMS and a CORPORAL from the right. Their appearance is much the same as that of the rest of the SOLDIERS. ADAMS is a fairly tall, broad man; there is an air of strength and authority about him. ADAMS and the CORPORAL each carry a small, bulging gunny sack. The PEASANTS crowd around them, but they are shoved aside and ADAMS and CORPORAL enter the clearing. All the SOLDIERS except AMOS and the CHAPLAIN crowd around them.)

ADAMS: Take it easy, now. It's only black bread and raw vegetables, but there's plenty for everybody. (He and the CORPORAL pass out the food. The SOLDIERS sit down again, intent on the coarse food. ADAMS takes some of the food over to CHAPLAIN PARISH.)

FIRST SOLDIER: Where'd you find this, Lieutenant?

ADAMS: Little farm, about two miles over that way.

CORPORAL: *(With a grin)* 'Course, that farmer didn't exactly want . . .

ADAMS: *(Sharply)* Evans! *(The CORPORAL is silent. He and ADAMS take the last of the food from the gunny sacks and begin to eat.)*

SCENE III

(Same setting. Time is early evening; the light fades slowly through this scene. All the SOLDIERS are sitting on the ground, leaning against tree trunks. AMOS BRYANT still broods silently.)

YOUNGEST SOLDIER: Raw potatoes . . . Boy, I sure wish I could be home now . . . *mashed* potatoes, gravy . . . *(Dreamingly)* You know what, Harry? *(Pause)* I was just about to get married when this war began . . .

FIRST SOLDIER: Yeah, kid, I know . . .

YOUNGEST: You married, Harry?

FIRST: Uh-huh.

YOUNGEST: . . . Like being married?

FIRST: Ah, women are a pain . . . *(Long pause)* . . . It's okay, I suppose. *(Turning away)* Yeah, kid, I suppose it's okay . . .

SECOND: Homesick, junior?

YOUNGEST: 'Course not! . . . *(Pause)* Maybe a little . . .

SECOND: Lousy war . . . Lousy, stinkin' war . . .

YOUNGEST: *(Very agitated)* You know, sometimes I lie on the cold ground at night . . . and I wonder . . . *(Pause, then in a rush)* I wonder why the hell I'm here. I don't *want* to be here— It's not *my* war . . .

FIRST: Take it easy, kid. It ain't anybody's war . . . It's just a war . . .

YOUNGEST: But . . . but *why?*

FIRST: *(Irritably)* Why! . . . Why! There ain't any

why, kid . . . Nobody's to blame because you're not with your . . . Nobody's to blame because you're out here in this goddamn war . . . That's just the way things happen, that's all . . . *(Pause)* If you've got any guts you'll quit moaning aout it . . .

SECOND: Whatta' ya' mean – nobody's to blame! Who was it kept trying to take over our coal mines? Who was it kept shooting down our planes? *They're* the ones to blame . . . greedy bunch of bastards . . .

THIRD: Do you really believe all that stuff they handed out in boot camp? Don't be a jackass! The guv'ment started this war. It's big business controls the guv'ment, and them greedy bastards *wanted a war* – they're getting rich.

YOUNGEST . . . and *we're* out here getting killed!

CHAPLAIN: *(Almost Jovially)* Calm down. Boys, let's be rational about this thing. *(Rising)* Nobody really wants a war – nobody really wanted this one. *(Assuming an oratorical air).* They were defending their principles . . . just as we were defending ours.

THIRD: Aw, hell, you can't say . . .

CHAPLAIN: *(Ignoring him, becoming ever more oratorical)* When our ethical commitments clashed with theirs, there was only one alternative – to stand up for what we believed . . . After all, nations always act on the basis of their ethical principles . . . Why, I think it's to man's credit that he has always been willing to die for his beliefs . . .

(AMOS, unnoticed by anyone, leaps to his feet. He seems about to shout something, but remains silent, his hands jammed into his pockets.)

ADAMS: *(Wearily; rather bored)* I might suggest, Chaplain, that there's nothing particularly "ethical" about an empty belly and a cold bedroll at night . . .

YOUNGEST: Or a bullet in your guts!

CHAPLAIN: Oh, certainly war is unpleasant . . . and it is unfortunate that a few must die. But after it's all over . . . just think, man will have crossed a new threshold of human experience – two nations will have achieved a better understanding . . .

AMOS: *(Shouting) Understanding* . . . Understanding! (He storms over to the group; stands trembling with rage before the CHAPLAIN) If there's one thing that this war's taught me, it's that you never achieve understanding with a rifle! . . . Why,

CHAPLAIN: Please, let's be . . .

ADAMS: *(Jumping to his feet)* Shut up! *Looking intently down the road, toward the left)* . . . Somebody coming . . .

(YOUNGEST SOLDIER raises his rifle nervously.)

FIRST: *(Restraining him)* No . . . no – he's one of our guys.

(A PRIVATE enters, stumbling along wearily. He comes to a stop before the group, looks around.)

PRIVATE: Lieutenant Adams?

ADAMS: Here.

PRIVATE: Sir, I have orders for you from Major Osborne. *(He steps forward and hands an envelope to LT. ADAMS.)*

FIRST SOLDIER: How is the war going, private?

PRIVATE: Well . . . uh . . . Things are looking up, I think . . . But there've been some . . . uh . . . pretty serious setbacks . . . *(The SOLDIERS all look at each other apprehensively)* In fact . . .

CHAPLAIN: Well, a few setbacks here and there don't determine the outcome . . . Brace up boys – we'll just need a little more courage and resolution, that's all. *(He claps the YOUNGEST SOLDIER on the back reassuringly)*

(LT. ADAMS has stepped to one side and has read the orders in the fading light. Now, looking very troubled, he calls the PRIVATE aside. He and the PRIVATE talk to themselves, while the rest of the group talk among themselves.)

ADAMS: How is the war going, private?

PRIVATE: . . . Pretty bad, sir . . . The fleet's been bombed, only three ships left . . . Both the carriers were hit . . .

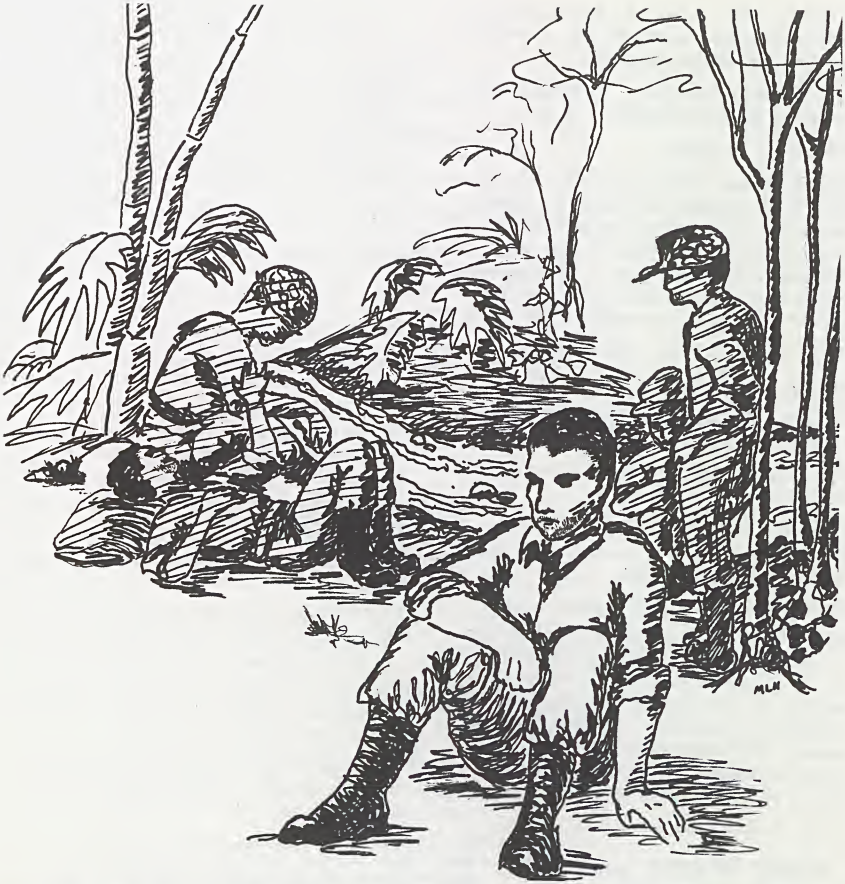
ADAMS: Hmmm . . . no air support – What about General Herring in the north?

PRIVATE: Surrendered. Last week.

ADAMS: How long before Martin's division will get here from the south? *(The PRIVATE is silent)* Well?

PRIVATE: They had to turn back, sir . . . Three enemy divisions . . . with tanks and air support . . .

ADAMS: *(Beginning to understand)* . . . Not much of a war any more, huh?



PRIVATE: Mostly just small groups like yours, sir . . . And *their* troops keep coming in all the time, since General Herring surrendered. . .

(LT. ADAMS is silent for a moment, then turns back to the group)

ADAMS: We have orders to move up. There's a tank division coming in from the east – on this road. We have to take the next village – blow the bridge so those tanks can't come through. Any questions?

FIRST SOLDIER: How much hardware we gonna meet, Lieutenant?

ADAMS: There's no one defending the village but a handful of badly-armed civilians . . . No sweat. *(A pause)* Okay, let's go.

AMOS: Lieutenant!

ADAMS: *(Surprised)* Yes?

AMOS: . . . *Why?*

ADAMS: Why *what?*

AMOS: Why're we moving up?

CHAPLAIN: Why . . . why, it's obvious that that village represents a major objective . . . If we're going to defend our country . . .

AMOS: *Defend* our country! . . . *(Turning to his comrades)* Harry! Gus! Evans! . . . Why?

ADAMS: Let's go, Bryant.

AMOS: Lieutenant, this war is *over. (Turning again to his comrades)* For the last three weeks, all the news we've had has been bad. We won't admit it, but we *know* what's happening . . . *(Turning to the Lieutenant)* . . . Herring and Martin have been defeated, haven't they, Lieutenant? . . . *(Sharply, accusingly)* Well?

ADAMS: *(Quietly)* That's right, Amos.

AMOS: So why do we keep it up? Why?

CHAPLAIN: We must defend our country, even . . .

AMOS: Not any more, old fool — we've already *lost* this war!

CHAPLAIN: There is always hope . . .

AMOS: *This* hope costs too much . . . a whole village of innocent peasants . . .

THIRD: You're just yellow, Bryant!

AMOS: *Yellow?* Was I yellow this afternoon when I knocked out that machine-gun alone—while *you* were shaking in a ditch? Was I yellow when I cut down three of those bastards with nothing but a bayonet? . . . *(Turning back to Adams)* They'll fight us in that village, sir . . . Bunch of farmers . . . plain country people . . . who don't know a damn thing about this war . . . and they'll fight us to protect their homes . . . and we'll slaughter them like dogs . . .

CHAPLAIN: *(Very loud, waving his arms emphatically)* We *must* . . . we must . . . our country's sacred principles . . .

AMOS: *(Screaming; almost hysterical)* Principles! . . . Principles, *hell!* . . . Guss, did you shoot down that old man for your principles? . . . Did you kill that farmer for your principles, Lieutenant — or for his food?

(Adams turns away. A tremor passes through him.)

AMOS: Lieutenant . . . I raped a girl in that village this afternoon . . . A . . . a sixteen-year-old kid . . . age of my sister . . .

FIRST SOLDIER: Hell, Amos, Forg*et* about that . . .

AMOS: Poor kid . . . poor damn sweet kid . . . Oh, God, Lieutenant! . . . (He begins to sob uncontrollably. His comrades crowd around him. Did I do that . . . for my . . . principles?

FIRST: It's all right, buddy. You been out in this war a long time . . .

THIRD: You'll go nuts worrying about things like that . . .

AMOS: (Controls himself forcibly; faces Adams.) Don't you see, sir . . . We've been pretending . . . All along, we've been pretending . . . *Principles* . . . *Damn* principles! . . . (Turning to Youngest Soldier) You're wrong, buddy. It *is* your war . . . and *my* war . . .

ADAMS: *(Subdued, very disturbed)* I think I understand, Amos . . . I think I'm beginning to understand . . .

CHAPLAIN: Joel! Remember your *duty!*

ADAMS: Yeah, Chaplain, I know . . . But . . . it's *my* war, too . . .

(Adams turns away from the group; faces audience. The Soldiers watch him intently.They are only vague shadows in the increasing darkness. A little light still plays about Lt. Adams' face, however. He is very disturbed; his face betrays an intense inner struggle.)

CHAPLAIN: You have your *orders*, Joel!

ADAMS: I know, Chaplain . . . I know . . .

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The Runner

Running,

Through the darkness running, dodging, running –
Stumbling, falling, up and running on,
Tired feet thrusting out and tired lungs heaving,
Tired limbs aching; tired eyes seeking
Any path that in the darkness might be found.
Fighting,
Through vines and tree limbs fighting, hacking, fighting –
Caught and tangled, free, then running on,
Arms scratched and bleeding, burned with salty sweat
Which pours from limbs which fight the fighting jungle.
Pushing,
Through knee-deep mud and water wading, struggling, pushing,
Bogged down and stuck, somehow crawling out and running on.
Legs tired from pushing, feet with mud weighed down,
The runner falls, rises panting, falls, and does not rise again.
He cannot rise; he has just the strength to breathe, to fight off death.

Out of jungle darkness, the panting monster nears
Whose breath the runner hears
Since on his flight into the night
The runner first began.

The runner's lips draw back as if to make a scream;
His eyes in terror open wide and glitter bright
But there is no sound to mar the jungle silence
While monster stoops and gathers up his prey
And shuffles off into the waiting night.

The ocean's roar breaks wondrous loud
Upon the shore of this uncharted isle.
It is upon this long wide strand
The beast sets down the runner man –
The single upright standing in this land
To break the flatness of the wave-packed sand.

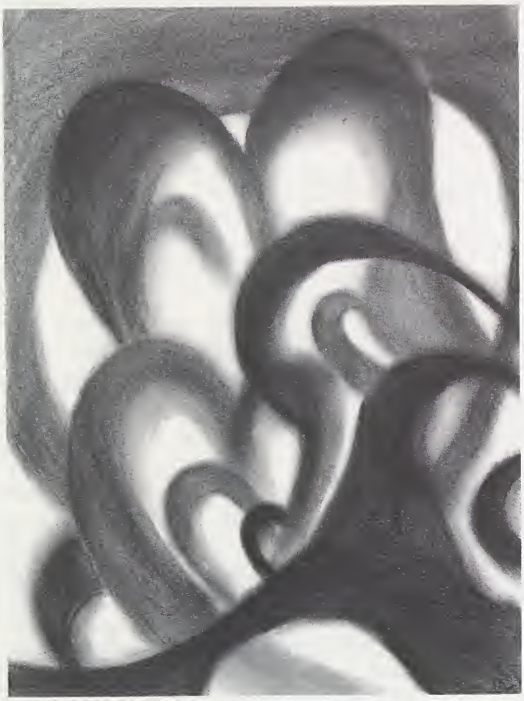
When eastern glow begins to push the darkness back
The beast into the surf retreats and sinks.
And through the day as in the night
Roars the mighty rolling sea its mighty rolling roar,
As up and up it climbs upon the runner's shore.

It was not the sound of climbing waves loud breaking
Nor glint of rising sun upon their crestlets flashing
Which caused the near-dead runner to be waking,
But wake he did to find the sun's eye on him
And to his ears the sea's low thunder speaking.

They saw, they spake, they questioned him;
They begged him search his soul and speak –
But he the actions of the day before did then repeat
When from the sun-lit beach into the jungle
He had beaten blind retreat;
He flight preferred,or fight and push and dark
Before that question ever face – they asked:
"Who are you, Runner, who?"

John Q. Gilterhopper

Fossils **by Mary Lind**



Naked

Deep secrets part the clouds
With voice of mystery
My heart and soul are proud
On paths of ecstasy
My eyes with sound surprise
See Love without disguise.

Warm truth is smoothly cast
Deceit has flown so high
Mellowed memories past
Descend from all the sky
With unsuspicious dew
That grows my grass anew.

Torment can linger? NAY!
My truths were all foreknown
Sad sighs are passed away
I'm naked to my bone
The shadows all will fade
I love as I was made.

Bruce Allen Bogie

A Modest Proposal

by James Woolley

Recent literary studies have tended to emphasize heavily the close reading and analysis of texts. Such a study of one of the great reference texts, the college catalog,[1] has happily resulted in the recognition of a most promising form of literature – the course description. Research indicates that the course description, the product of a lengthy development and a firm tradition, constitutes a genre of considerable sophistication. Its subtleties and sensitivities are notable. Many descriptions make profound use of the language; some are no less than poetry. For example, who can escape the lilting lyricism of English 340, *Victorian Novels:*

A study of Dickens,
Thackeray, the Brontes, Eliot,
And Meredith, with some
Attention to their contemporaries;
Special attention
To the social and literary background.
Prerequisite, English
151-152.
Mr. Drake.

The alert student will immediately sense that the materials and problems of this new discovery open a rich field for scholarly investigation. It is hoped, therefore, that this article may be of signal service to the literary world by calling to its attention a form which has received virtually no notice heretofore.

As an introduction to the study and understanding of the course description, this article should perhaps point out some features highly deserving of critical attention. Probably the most outstanding quality of this genre is its ambiguity. The better course descriptions are worded to give no precise idea of the course contents, thus leaving such matters entirely to the instructor's fancy. Occasionally, however, an effort is made to compromise with the reader's desire for certitude by including sundry verbiage, such as a quasi-explanatory statement which give the reader the illusion that he has acquired considerable information about the course.

Nevertheless, brevity precludes deceptive compromise in the most perfect examples of the course description. All other things being equal, the shorter a description, the better. Although a good description usually runs about thirty words, some are much shorter. Take, for example, that for Philosophy 251-252, *Hegel and Spinoza:* "Extensive readings and reports." In only four words this description manages a brilliant combination of obscurity and foreboding, which makes it a model of style for the genre.[2]

It is also fashionable to use ominous phraseology such as that in German 111-112, *Elementary German:* "Much oral and aural practice." Also on occasion, an unpopular facet of a course may be described euphemistically, as in the Military Science department's use of the phrase "leadership laboratory" to denote its weekly drill. Furthermore, a certain pomposity is quite acceptable, such as that in the description for English 410, *Literary Criticism* "An investigative paper will be required of each member of the class."

It has been observed that an ideal catalog description is expressed in bare phrases, unencumbered by subjects and predicates. A good description may use sentence form only if the passive voice is rigorously maintained. The advantage of phrasal construction and the passive voice is indefiniteness, the cardinal virtue of the genre. Moreover, the passive is conducive to the general anonymity of authorship, another ideal of the form.[3]

It is hoped that the bad course descriptions, characterized by their clarity, exactness, straightforwardness, and personality,[4] may eventually be replaced by the more nearly ideal style described

[1]*Bulletin of Wake Forest College; General Catalog Issue* (Winston-Salem, 1965), Vol. LX, No. 1.

[2]Brevity does not always make the description a good one. See, for example, the description for for History 355, *The Westward Movement*, which though brief is far too explicit: "The role of the frontier in American history, 1763-1890." Such straightforward informativeness is poor style.

[3]The reader should not be misled to think that the name following the description of courses in some departments is that of the author. In the case of the description for English 340 quoted above, "MR. DRAKE" is simply the instructor of the course, and not necessarily the author of this gem describing it. Often, it is true, the instructor and the author of the description are one and the same, but the reader is cautioned that a good course description does not necessarily reflect the sensitivity of the instructor.

[4]For an example of such a description, note the length, detail, precision, clarity, and sentential style of Religion 241, *Administration of Religious Education:* "The aim of this course is to prepare

above. It appears, however, that such a change would require writers of course descriptions to receive training not now available. The academic curricula must not ignore a literary form of this degree of complexity and importance. Thus it is suggested that the College initiate an advanced course to cover this area:

> English 467, *The Course Description*
> An intensive study with practice in reading and writing in the genre. Special attention to the passive voice and to the use of ambiguity.

Thus prospective course description writers would gain greater appreciation of the standard phrases and formulae with which they work and would better understand how to achieve a sensitive rendering of meager information. The benefit to the student of literature alone would justify this addition in the curriculum; the centrality of the course description in our literary culture is undeniable! Indeed, the description is read and studied by every college student. Certainly literary studies owe it far greater consideration than it has thus far received.

students for leadership in the education work of the churches. Emphasis is laid upon the church school and other auxiliary agencies, through which the churches carry on their program of education, and upon practical methods of organizing and administering such a program."

February

As a matter of taste
And perfunctory habit
I ask you "Where —
. . . are we going"

The dormant month is
not for affairs
without hope of spring
or winter's first pain

The month of frets and ennui
when delinquents wait out the mortgage
can bring but heightened remorse,
For we too old for beauty
in wood block prints of
black and white
have only ash-can memories
to create

Charlene Markunas

Flight

The warm summer breeze
Banishes the steadfast clouds
That cover my darkling soul;
Her life-giving force
Fills the leaden sheets of care,
And — ever so gently —
Sets my little winged boat
To flight.
As quick as the twitch
Of a mouse's nose,
Sweet notes take wing
And soar upon her breast,
'Til the night becomes a symphony
And dawn: the applause.

Harry Whiteside

Erich Fromm's Escape To Freedom

by Jim Waldenfels

Erich Fromm's *Escape from Freedom* was first published in 1941, a year whose tragic and shocking events lent support to the pessimistic outlook of much twentieth century thought. Fromm, a prominent psychoanalyst, explained that the book was part of a still-incomplete, comprehensive character study of modern man, which sought to bring psychological insight to bear on the task of preserving the fruits of civilization from destruction.

Fromm wants to show that man is not basically evil, but is basically good when his needs are met and that man can live a happy life in harmony with his fellows if certain conditions exist. However, these conditions are not easily met; and when they are not, freedom becomes a burden instead of a boon to man and personal relationships deteriorate.

Fromm describes the process of achieving or losing freedom in the following way.

First, the individual goes through a stage in which he is dependent on others, gradually becoming more capable of taking care of himself; Fromm labels this process "individuation". If the society is so structured that it eventually permits each individual to be responsible for the success of his life, freedom can become either a boon or a burden. If society makes confusing demands, the individual may develop a sense of insignificance, loneliness, or guilt over failing to meet these vague demands.

If the individual could avoid the personal responsibility that comes with the freedom to choose his course in life, he would not feel anxiety; therefore, in order to release his anxiety, he surrenders his freedom to choose. This puts him back where he was before he gained his freedom – he is not responsible for decisions in some significant areas of his life.

But here is the rub: he can not relate to other people in a completely healthy way because he is consciously or subconsciously aware of his surrender. In short, if he fails to develop a sense of personal identity when he achieves his freedom, he will try to escape from freedom. This is an oversimplification of Fromm's approach, but it reflects his main theme.

After setting up his analytical framework, Fromm applies it to Western culture in general, and American culture in particular. For example, he points out that one consequence of the Protestant Reformation was that men developed a habit of looking outside themselves to find a sense of worth. They were willing to subordinate their happiness to the demands of an economic and social system.

If the individual failed to do his duty, to fulfill the appropriate role in society, he was being selfish. Fromm says that the slogan "Don't be selfish" is one of the most significant devices for socializing the child found in Western and especially in Protestant culture. He regards it as a chain that makes man a slave to society. It is used to suppress the idea that man should spend his life seeking his own happiness and substitutes the idea that man should sacrifice everything to the welfare of others. Fromm points out that "selfish" is a label for certain behavior; he goes on to say that it is an inadequate label, for it lumps together "self-love", which, as he defines it, is healthy, and greed, which is not healthy. He regards "self-love" as good because he believes that man will find happiness only when he lives in harmony with his fellow creatures; furthermore, he believes that men will live in harmony if their basic physical and psychological needs are satisfied. Realistic "self-love" would therefore persuade the individual to cherish his personal relationships above all else.

This optimistic view of man is opposed to the view that men must compete for scarce commodities in order to meet their needs for the happy life. This is what is meant by saying that man is basically evil; his natural desires are not beneficial to society, and therefore they must be controlled . To a greater or lesser extent, this view is held by Augustine, Luther, Calvin, and Freud. If Freud and the others are right, society should be designed to restrict freedom and suppress human desires; but if the view Fromm represents is right, society should nourish freedom and permit the full expression of these desires.

This book is not definitive, but it is certainly provocative. Among other things, Fromm shows how words when precisely used can reduce some of the baffling complexity of human experience to managable proportions. He has also provided a modern statement of an optimistic view of man. But, as he admits, his analysis is a diagnosis and not a program of action. It will be interesting to see if the world will take up the ideas that he has expressed.

Room To Talk

The night starts slowly for the tender of the coffee bar. From behind a bright gooseneck lamp he looks at the wobbly tables and empty mock-Elizabethan chairs, and waits.

Haunting eyes of student art work stare back at him, and soon there are other eyes, searching across the dimly-lit room. Grey swirls of cigarette smoke drift up toward the few blue lights; and the evening's first quiet has turned, almost suddenly, into an atmosphere of ideas expressed, emotions exchanged, and people thinking.

There is a sense of Georgetown, a taste of the Village, an idea of the proverbial rathskeller and a thought of a London pub between the burlap draped walls.

WFDD's jazz MC talks to theater friends, while the *Howler* editor sets up candid shots for a big spread. Football players discuss Blake in thorough seriousness. CHALLENGE propaganda is passed around, and its small forums have already begun. Professors, off-stage and out of costume, walk and talk and have names just like real people.

Four lucarnes and two metal doors open out on the library's levels of roof-tops. The proprietor promises tables there, and spring will bring dining under the stars and a new view of the campus at night.

The Coffee Shop is out of the way, up eight flights of narrow stairs, but it represents more than a new place. There is a fresh anticipation that an old hope might be at least partially fulfilled in a place where students may spend leisure hours constructively as well as enjoyably.

Betsy Winstead

certainty, presides in causality, I can say only that it seems reasonable to generalize that cortical neural activity is not free of the element of chance. The precise meaning of the latter for introspective perception is not clear, except in one instance: there is a "state of potential truth" in which the air of causality is weakened, so to speak; a state in which the *fundamental choice* occurs, wherein the possibility to select between "I-me" differences establishes the basis of individual freedom.

There is one final clarification: the "self" is considered as both subject and object; furthermore, the "self" is regarded as the collective interaction of prereflective consciousness with reflective consciousness and the "I" and the "me." Intuition is the means by which prereflective consciousness relates with objects, either "me," or buildings, etc. The concept of the unconscious may be identified as a condition of the prereflective consciousness, but the prefix "un-" is misleading and should be disposed of to prevent confusion. At any rate, no comment will be made concerning the function of repression. In addition, one should be cautioned to refrain from axiological or religious generalizations concerning the phrase self-as-object. This phrase is not a value judgment; and the term "object" does not refer to individual worth.

These personal reflections owe no direct debt, except perhaps to Socrates. Indirectly it would not be inaccurate to name Descartes, Edmund Husserl, Jean Paul Sartre, and Carl Rogers; but I am aware of great differences, deviations, in thought, detail, scope, and reputation.

To begin with, I have selected a literary character from George Meredith's *The Egoist* to serve the purpose of illustration. To prevent confusion it must be stated that the character of Sir Willoughby Patterne serves only my purpose in these reflections. My discussion is quite different from Meredith's theory of egoism in the context of comedy; and my use of Sir Willoughby is quite different from the literary purposes for which Meredith created Sir Willoughby. Nevertheless, the characterization of Sir Willoughby facilitates concrete demonstration of my reflections on choice.

The experiences of Sir Willoughby Patterne represent a growing awareness of self-as-object. His egoism (meaning the popular notion that the interests of the self are served by the activities of the self to an excessive degree that deprives others of their expectations) represents an undeveloped state of self-consciousness. Throughout the novel, Willoughby shapes the world around him to suit his particular desires. His conduct, one would say, is characterized by self-interest only. However, near the end of the novel, his self-interest is thwarted. To preserve his socially known commitment to marry he must find a compliant woman. Having been declined twice, in one manner or another, by two other women, Willoughby pursues Laetitia Dale's hand in a frenzied and near-raging manner. He seeks to preserve himself from social disgrace. Of importance, at this point, is the observation that Willoughby regards his conduct with awe; he can scarcely believe the rage and urgency of his pursuit. Up until this point in his life, Willoughby had been relatively successful in satisfying his demands. Success had been a matter of course, the natural thing; he had had no idea of his own egoism. To Clara Middleton he had declared: "Beware of marrying an Egoist, my dear!"

Throughout the novel, Willoughby projects his own character by assigning his own characteristics to an alter ego whom he suspects of being "out there." Finally, approaching a third defeat, in one moment of sheer spontaneity, Willoughby exclaims: "I believe I am possessed!" A battle rages within him. Something is unnatural. This is the beginning of his self-consciousness. The illusion of egoism cannot be sustained in a world where realities scream the obvious contradictions. Willoughby is unwanted because of his egoism, and his egoism is unknown to himself. For Willoughby there is only an "I" and prereflective consciousness. The "me" as object is suspected of being "out there," that is, as being a perceptible object. The "me" is non-existent, but it is on the verge of "possessing" (coming into being) consciousness. Knowledge of the "me," self-knowledge, seeps intermittently into reflective consciousness, and the egoist feels the tremor, the distant rumble, and he regards the tremor as being "out there." Willoughby, prior to the inchoate rumblings of the self-as-object, had reacted to his needs; he had made no choices. The "I" had referred to the "me," but the references were opaque, were more of an illusion. There was no authentic objectification. Prereflective consciousness had not intuited the "me." The self-as-object was absent. Reaction was disguised as choice, and illusions were accepted as facts. The primordial self-as-subject (as distinguished from the

"I" which co-exists with the self-as-object) cannot achieve a potential state of truth without the presence of contradiction, or distinction. For Willoughby the contradiction began with the emergence of the self-as-object, the "me." Contradicted illusions are rationalized until the facts become too powerful to permit rationalization. Then, the "me" must emerge into reflective consciousness. Once the self-as-object struggles for life, it must be born, or the self-as-subject becomes confused and detaches itself from the objective world. It appears that an unaccepted self-as-object is a state of psychological schizophrenia or philosophic solipsism. An accepted self-as-object results in fully developed self-consciousness.

With some idea of the distinction between the self-as-subject and self-as-object, we will proceed to greater clarification. A state or being is a state of prereflective consciousness. Prereflective consciousness is a "sheer' activity transcending toward objects." The "I" is subsequent to prereflective consciousness,and the "me" is subsequent to the "I." Intuition apprehends the objective world, but the primordial "I" (characterized primarily by biological, emotional, needs) prevents the truth of the appreciation from becoming more than the force of its (the primordial "I") own needs. The primordial "I" is the state of solipsism; the coexistence of the "I" and the "me" is the potential state of truth. The primordial "I" reflects to the extent that it is capable of symbolization, and the symbolization is apt to be governed by biological impulses. The primordial self-as-subject communicates with prereflective consciousness. In so-called civilized situations where activity assumes the color values that appear distinct from biological impulses, for example, the engagements of Sir Willoughby, the state of solipsism is fundamentally the same. An increased effort by the "me" to emerge into reflective consciousness is coupled with more intense contradictions achieved by the intuition of the objective world. Self-consciousness must develop when the "I" is proven wrong. Consequently, the "I" struggles to preserve itself because it believes in itself, figuratively speaking, and because it has not learned to regard the "me" as a fact or because it does not understand the "me." The emergence of the "me" is a functional condition of consciousness spontaneously enlivened through an intense confrontation of illusions and apodictic facts – a confrontation that creates a state of uncertainty. This state of uncertainty, wherein "I-me" differences are available, stands in vivid contradistinction to the state of illusory certainty of the primordial "I."

Prereflective consciousness is "uninhabited"; that is, the self-as-subject stands apart from this condition. For example, I am late for a class and I begin to run. There is no "I" at this point; the "I" is suspended. Upon entering the class, I reflect that I am where I am. There is an "I" at this point. For the undeveloped self-consciousness, this is the boundary of consciousness.

Continued on page 38

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Dropout Rate—Continued

some of their complaints and disappointments? One of the most common is that the competitive system at Wake Forest discourages an intellectual atmosphere. The heavy emphasis on grades almost prohibits any general inclinations or side interests. Once required work is completed, there is time for little else.

Other students object to the limited social activities at the College. One's learning experience at Wake Forest should not be limited to the classroom. Freer social life would compliment academic studies, they assert.

Other students, especially those who took advanced courses in high school, complain that much of their first two years in college repeated secondary school material. They were not coerced into studying and have continued their habits in upper-bracket courses. While they get by, they never put forth their full efforts.

A last complaint, perhaps discouraging when considering the traditions of Wake Forest, is that many students feel that most of their professors are unapproachable on a personal level and do not feel free to seek them out as friends and individuals to talk to outside of their specific class work. There are exceptions, they say, but many of the professors seem so busy all of the time that students feel that they would just be an irritating interruption.

What steps has the College taken to heighten the likelihood of a student's being successful at Wake Forest? On the positive side, the College screens applicants carefully, and once they enroll provides places for counselling. The Center for Psychological Services, the upper and lower division academic advisor system, and the dean's offices are ready to provide advice. Instituted last year, a reading and study improvement program is open to students at half price on a non-credit, voluntary basis. There is a tutoring program for athletes, and some academic departments offer free tutoring for those students who have exhibited a need for it, while other academic departments keep lists of good students who will tutor if a student needs extra help.

On the negative side, the College provides a non-voluntary academic structure, in the form of limited class cuts, during the freshman year and later if a student is in academic trouble. While this irritates the more mature student who could provide his own organization, it is often necessary for those who need some semblance of organization during their initial transitional period. This philosophy also underlies the cut restrictions on upperclassmen. Academic probation involves still more prohibition.

Recent studies indicate that present quality point ratio requirements are not high enough, especially at the freshman level. Next year these requirements will be raised for entering freshmen. This is calculated to flunk more students out earlier than under the present rules, but it is felt that its total effect over a four year period will not be significant.

Presently, the college officials seem to feel that they can do little else to prevent dropouts without wholly taking away the individual's freedom and initiative. The fault seems to lie with many intangible factors; the motivation for leaving cannot be reduced to academic inadequacy. Although the College has been making gains in the quality of her student body and is ranked as one of the nation's better colleges, the fact remains that Wake Forest fails to graduate half of its entering freshmen.

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Chaucer—Continued

I had time to walk around before the service began. I started up the South Aisle of the Choir, passing unremembered memorials, several transepts, and a monument to the Black Prince. I kept looking and wondering. Where had the murder taken place? This was why *they* had come, and I wanted to see their shrine, their memorial to St. Thomas. I'd have to look later, for now it was time for services to begin.

I knelt down in the choir section of the Cathedral, and watched the choristers file in. High purple and Anglican lace collars framed rosy checks of fourteen white vestmented little boys. It was a happy service, and I could barely keep my mind on the Vicar's message watching their faces as they stood to sing and knelt to pray. Even they reminded me of the pilgrims. One small boy had red hair and was snaggle-toothed, and I could not help but wonder if perhaps somewhere in his ancestry there might be a Wife of Bath; maybe next to him was the descendant of my Sergeant of Law. I wanted to know what had happened to my pilgrims. Had some stayed in this quaint town and never gone back? Were these people sitting around me an actual part of my story, my very reason for being in this place? As the darkly-bundled forms rose to leave at the end of the service, I realized they were.

I didn't have much time now, so I asked the direction of the pilgrim steps, crossed the Nave and found myself looking down the flight of steps worn into hollows by the feet of pilgrims mounting to the shrine for hundreds of years. I could almost see the prim prioress taking dainty steps toward the shrine, her head bowed in stately reverence. I gazed at the small square stone in the Martyrdom floor which marked the place where Thomas Beckett fell, and at the Altar of Sword's Point. Silently I thank him for being.

The cloisters were closed, and the sextons were preparing to shut the doors for the night. They would be open again for eight o'clock communion tomorrow; and other pilgrims might be blessed, consoled, and taught, as I had been.

I walked away, out to Burgate Street, and through rain-spattered windows I looked inside an inn on the corner. It was tea time, and a jolly fat man was pouring cream into his cup and munching some crumpets. If his name was Bailey . . .

But a train's bell sounded; I had to go back to the world.

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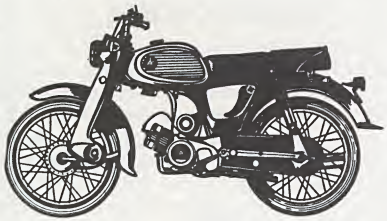

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Choice—Continued

The absence of self-consciousness implies the absence of the will. The will is understood, is manifested, through choice. Choice, in order to be actualized, necessitates alternatives. There is no alternative when the "me" is absent. The inability to posit the self-as-object deprives prereflective material from reaching reflection without discoloration by the primordial "I." The strength of the primordial "I" dominates the self at this point. With the emergence of the state of uncertainty (as previously described) the will is born. This is the potential state of truth.

The absence of self-consciousness is the absence of the will because there is an incomplete self, no "me," *qua* alternative, to dispute with the "I." The "I" is limited, a giant imprisoned with its own needs. Choice is unavailable. As with Sir Willoughby, the will and the possibility of choice is born through conflict. Prior to his conflict, Willoughby reacted; he was unaware of his egoism; he was fully accessible to causes. The self-as-object creates "distinction" for the prereflective consciousness; there is differentiation. The "me" arises as a fact to be regarded by both the prereflective consciousness through intuition, and the "I" through reflection. Without the knowledge of the "I," the "me" was occuring in the world.

The self-as-object, at its nativity, is always different from the self-as-subject. The difference is based, respectively, upon the distinction between conduct, what one does, and illusion, what one suspects he is. The birth of the "me" creates the possibility of choice by the "I". And the "I" weakened by the emergence of the "me" permits itself the clarity of prereflective intuition. The self-as-object renders itself available to intuitive perception, just as any other object is available to intuitive perception. The fully developed self can choose through the combined interaction of its conditions. This interaction, as has been suggested already, is the interaction of the intuition of the prereflective consciousness, the activity of the "I," and the passive virility of the "me."

The freedom of choice resides in the purity of the prereflective intuitions and the permissiveness of the "I." Intuitive perceptions regard the conduct of the body in situations and supply the "me" with data. The "I" cannot ignore this data without an apprehension of the delusion. When the "I" accents this data, the will is potentially active.

When the "I" does not accept this data, the will is suspended. The activity of the will is always a state of uncertainty.

Prior to the emergence of the self-as-object, there is no choice independent of causality. Subsequent to the emergence of self-as-object, there is the possibility of choice independent of causality. An analysis of the factors which strengthen the prejudice of the "I" (I term these factors "abnormalities") and which preclude the possibility of free choice, belongs properly to medicine, physiology, abnormal psychology, and sociology. Equivalence in strength between the self-as-subject and the self-as-object permits the free choice. There is nothing to disrupt the state of equivalence. And there is no objectification of "personality" because distinction is made available to pure consciousness through the emergence of the "me" that weakens the primordial "I."

The fundamental, or first, choice involves an unknown. There is no pre-existing self in any complete sense. There is prereflective consciousness, the primordial "I," and, perhaps, suspicions of the self-as-object. With the emergence of the will and the state of uncertainty, "I-me" differences (as recorded earlier) present themselves clearly. The choice of part or all of one or the other is random. The choice is made by the "I" that coexists with the self-as-object. The fundamental choice is self-determination with an unknown future. Individual differences occur through successive choices that finally become describable as a "personality," in the popular sense. The fundamental random choice may be abandoned later, and one may return to select an alternative. The process of becoming is characterized by returning to make an alternate choice, or by the successive choices based on the fundamental random choice, or by both.

The abandonment of choices is the abandonment of values. Repetition in choices is accession to values that are associated (after the fundamental choice) with an ideal constellation of values. The influence of pleasure and pain, or reward or punishment, may participate as considerations in choices, but the choice remains essentially axiological. The basis of human freedom consists of the ability to become.

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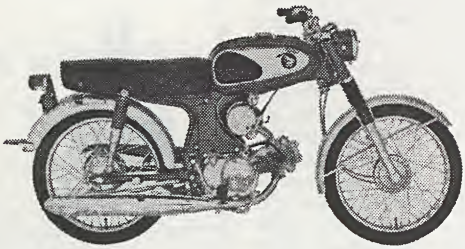

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on the campus

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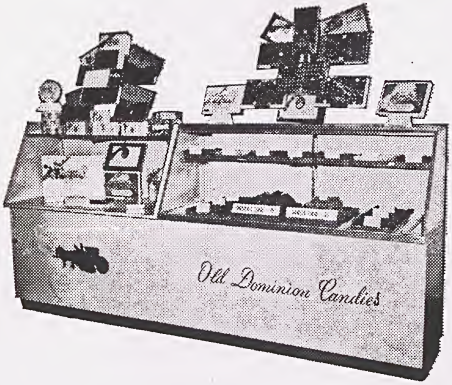

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